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U. GARDNER.

EXTRACTS

FROM A

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN

NORTH AMERICA,

CONSISTING OF AN ACCOUNT OF

BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY.

By ALI BEY, &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.



The fifth part of the spoil that you shall gain from your enemies, appertaineth to God, the Prophet, his parents, orphans, the poor, and to pilgrims that are in want;—observe what is above ordained if ye believe in God, in what we have inspired into our servant, and in the day wherein the distinction of good and bad was known.

EL KOUR-AN.



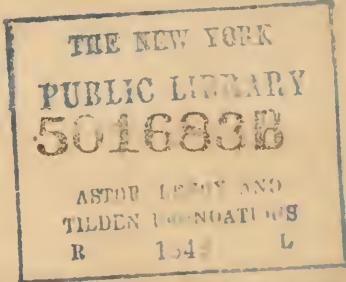
BOSTON :

PRINTED BY THOMAS BADGER, JUN.



1818.

575



*District of Massachusetts, to wit :*

District Clerk's Office.

**BE IT REMEMBERED**, that on the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1818, in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Thomas Badger, jun.* of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit* :—"Extracts from a Journal of Travels in North America, consisting of an Account of Boston and its Vicinity. *By Ali Bey, &c.* Translated from the Original Manuscript."

*The fifth part of the spoil that you shall gain from your enemies, appertaineth to God, the Prophet, his parents, orphans, the poor, and to pilgrims that are in want ;—observe what is above ordatned if ye believe in God, in what we have inspired into our servant, and in the day wherein the distinction of good and bad was known.*  
EL KOUR-AN.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned ;" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioncd ; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,  
*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*



TRANSLATOR'S

## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

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THE Translator congratulates the public upon the arrival among us of the distinguished traveller whose Journal he here presents, done into English. The portrait of our country has never yet been correctly taken by any of the crowd of foreigners that have attempted it. The contemptible caricatures drawn by British tourists served the purpose for which they were designed—of deceiving the English people. They have served another purpose which was not intended. They have gone far toward destroying the authority of British writers in general, and of British travellers in particular. They have betrayed a deep rooted national grudge, which although an indirect tribute to our country, has been met, it must be confessed, by somewhat fiercer feelings on this side of the Atlantic.

*French* travellers have drawn more flattering, but scarcely better, likenesses. In short a faithful view of our country and *ourselves* by an impartial hand has long been a desideratum. Such an one we have reason to expect from the author before us—coming from a country not politically connected with ours—having no rival interests to serve—no national antipathy to gratify—we might (one would suppose) receive his representations with considerable confidence. A work of this description must be an invaluable bequest to a nation, incapable as it always is of seeing itself except by reflected light.

National vanity is more respected than that of individuals because of its affinity to sentiments of patriotism. It is also of more universal growth. The Dey of Algiers excites his soldiers to battle by the recollections of their ancestors and the glory of their nation and name. And the Spaniard finds in the character of his country topics of proud complacency. But if this vanity is the parent of great exploits, it is also the source of national peculiarities. To present these peculiarities in true colours, in the perspective of the manners and character of a people—with a view to qualify rather than extinguish that national feeling—is the office of the traveller.

In making the following extracts, the Translator has been guided as much by the practical nature of the information they contain as by their comparative value. He deems it proper to observe that he has nothing to do with the statements or speculations of the author. Although he places the mirror before the town, he

does not hold himself responsible for the correctness of its reflection.

It remains to say a word as to the *authenticity* of this work. Upon this point the Translator will barely state, that the manner in which the manuscript came to his hands leaves no doubt on his mind respecting its authenticity.

But after he was convinced that the Journal was authentic, he was not without scruples touching the propriety of making it public. He considered it unfair to snatch from a man the fruit of much labor, time and hazard. Besides the work appeared, from internal marks, not to have been intended for a Christian public. These scruples were only overcome by the consideration of the manner—not very creditable—in which our traveller came to this country, and his covert project thus happily detected.

Still, however, the Translator disclaims all pecuniary motive:—and he hereby advertizes Signior Ali Bey or Mons. Desaleurs, or by whatever other name he may now be pleased to be known, that all the profits of this publication, after the necessary charges are defrayed, shall be duly paid over to his order.

*January, 1818.*

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or letter. Some faint words like "I have" and "I am" are visible.

JOURNAL  
OF  
ALI BEY, &c.

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CHAP. I.

*The Authors Introduction—His arrival—The Exchange  
Coffee-House—Boston.*

8 March, 1817. Praise be to God most great, the Lord of the worlds, the most merciful, the most gracious, King of the day of judgment! Welfare and peace be to thee, O Mouhhammed, Prophet of God!—here am I, Ali Bey ibn Othman Bey el Abassi, on the shores of this occidental hemisphere. Having visited the principal cities of Africa, Asia and Europe, having performed my pilgrimage to the holy city, I resolved, in pursuit of the great project of my heart, to explore this New World.

I arrived here yesterday morning, after a short but boisterous passage. We got into the outer harbor the evening before, but our captain thought it prudent not to come up to the town till the next day. Yesterday morning the sun rising clear presented the city in full view before us, with its glittering domes and spires and vanes and windows. We got early under weigh, and the wind being fair we found ourselves at once alongside of the wharf; passing in our way a multitude of little islands on some of which are forts and military works, and a pharos, of which I shall give a more minute account hereafter.

This continent presents nothing remarkable to the view of the approaching navigator. The country as we drew near appeared barren and inhospitable, on account, probably, of the season; for the reign of winter on these cold shores is not yet mitigated. I noticed with my glass, patches of buildings skirting the coast on either side of the city.

By the advice of a fellow passenger, native of this city, I have taken lodgings in the Exchange Coffee-House, apparently the principal hotel of the city—as far at least

as relates to bulk. It is a huge ill constructed edifice six stories in height and a basement. Its numerous apartments with their various business, give it the appearance of a small city. In the centre of this building is an octagonal area, over which is thrown a dome, whose glass pannels serve as a sky-light. Around this area, are corridors at each story supported by twenty pillars. The eastern front is adorned with six Ionic pilasters of marble. This building was evidently designed as a public ornament; and yet it is placed at a distance from any principal street and embosomed in other buildings. Its ill planned, dark, and inconvenient rooms make one regret that so great expense and labor had not been better directed.

Having devoted the early part of to-day to domestic arrangements, I sallied out about noon to take a view of the town. As it is my maxim to assimilate myself as much as possible to the people among whom I travel, to escape notice, I had assumed the European costume before sailing from Cadiz; And intending to pass as a native of France on this side of the Atlantic, I bespoke passage for Mons. Desaleurs, by which name

my servants are directed to address me. Notwithstanding these precautions, I observed that I attracted notice as I passed up the street, and the hurried paced citizens turned about upon me, as they brushed along, to take a second view. It is impossible I believe for strangers in any city to conceal their character from the practised glance of the cit, let him assume never so much nonchalance or pass never so rapidly.

This city is irregularly built. The buildings are mostly of brick, and three or four stories high. The streets are generally irregular, and many of them narrow and dirty. I observed some however sufficiently wide and cleanly, and lined with spacious walks for foot people. This city seems to consist of nothing but shops, at whose windows innumerable sorts of wares are exhibited with a good deal of effect. On the west side of the town is an extensive opening or square, enclosed on three sides by buildings and on the fourth by water. This must be very beautiful when the season is mild and the trees and ground covered with verdure. I shall take occasion to mention this again.

Boston is built on a tongue of land almost surrounded by water. It is estimated to



contain about 40,000 inhabitants. Its streets of course do not show that bustle and stir which is to be seen in European cities of the first or second magnitude. It appears to be in a very flourishing condition—at least so I infer from the extensive improvements now in progress or recently finished. This however may be a fallacious appearance. Commerce is the life of this place; but commerce here as elsewhere is still lingering with the wounds received in the late wars.

## CHAP. II.

*Exchange Coffee House Reading Room—Ali Bey makes an acquaintance—his account of the religious disputes in this country.*

ONE of the rooms in my hotel is devoted entirely to 'news,' and is called by a slight metaphor, '*the reading room.*' This room is filled with high tables and desks on which are laid the newspapers and public journals of this country and Europe as they are published and received.

It was in this room that I first met a gentleman whose humanity and intelligence I shall often have occasion to mention and will never be forgotten by me. As I was reading a Paris paper near the file on which he was looking, he addressed me in French with some every day observation. I replied in the same language. Each being communicative we gradually brought on a conversation of considerable length. I invited him to my rooms and to dine with me.

How delightful a thing it is to a stranger to find a person thus accessible and habitu-

ally exercising the offices of humanity toward all of his species, without waiting for the cold formality of an introduction. He that never sojourned in a strange place cannot know this pleasure. This gentleman took lodgings, I found, in this hotel, and though not a native of this city is perfectly acquainted with its inhabitants, their manners and customs. He has been a traveller too as well as myself, having visited the principal nations of Europe. His politeness has in a measure supplied the want of letters of introduction, a vehicle of acquaintance adopted here in imitation of Europe. Of this I was deprived by my faith; for what communion has Islamism with Christianity? Letters here are almost indispensable. I could not in this city as in Morocco draw around me the pachas, fakirs and cadis by the splendor of my equipage or the length of my retinue; nor is it conformable to the customs of the place to send presents to the chief men as a prelude to acquaintance. My friend, (for such I have found him,) besides introducing me into the soi-disant fashionable circles of the town, has been of infinite service in unravelling the secret folds and reduplications of the

society and manners of the city—a species of knowledge which a stranger is late in acquiring.

The subject which is most directly connected with my great project,\* and to which I shall therefore pay great attention, is the religious opinions and prejudices of this people. There appears to be a great division among the followers of the cross. Another prophet has arisen, who divides the suffrages of Christendom with Jesus Christ. At least so I conjecture from a pamphlet a bookseller put into my hands the other day, with this superscription, “Are you a Calvinist or you a Christian?” that is, are you a disciple of Calvin (the new Propbet,) or of Jesus Christ?

I took an early opportunity to converse with my new acquaintance upon this subject. He informs me that the Calvinists are not, as I imagined, a sect in opposition to Jesus Christ; but that they are called by that name in contradistinction from another class of Christians called liberals,

\* Our author frequently alludes to ‘his great project’ both in this and his other travels. What can this project be?—the conversion (as conjectured by some) of Christendom to the Mouhhammedan faith?

[Note by Tr.]

[*liberales.*] The main point in dispute between them, if I understood him correctly, is whether according to their book there are *three* Gods or *one* God, or what amounts to the same thing, whether God is three persons or one. The Calvinists maintain the former, the Liberals the latter opinion. These parties are also called in allusion to their creed, *Trinitarians* and *Unitarians*. They each bring arguments which convince themselves, from the same book and almost the same words.

But said I does not this question belong to metaphysics rather than religion?

Yes, certainly, answered my friend. Besides it is so remote from any practical result, that the more rational look upon the decision of it as unimportant, and can hardly conceive that men should dispute about it in earnest. The Unitarians compare the doctrine of the *trinity* to that of *transubstantiation* and other absurdities of the schools, and they confidently anticipate the time when this surviving relick of the dark ages shall share the fate of its fellows, and be consigned to the tomb of oblivion.

The Trinitarians, on the other hand, regard it as the pivot of their religion, upon

which the doctrine of atonement, satisfaction, and divers other dogmas equally important depend.

But these sects, he continued, have various other points of divergence. The creed of the one is generally esteemed either absurd, puerile or pernicious by the other. What, say the liberal party, can be more unnatural, more abhorrent to our feelings than the belief that mankind are created vicious and depraved, and that infants consequently are morally guilty? What can be a greater imputation upon God! And what can be more pernicious in practice than the belief in miraculous regeneration, election, perseverance, &c. as technically explained by the followers of Calvin?

The Calvinists in their turn charge their opponents with want of zeal in the cause of religion, with looseness and skepticism, and of what they term *latitudinarianism*.

Between these parties, as between most contending parties, the truth is probably divided. They take different views of the subject they paint, and the picture of each is partially incorrect.

The Calvinists are led by their peculiar temperament to draw mankind in dark colours:

They would make us believe that we are a very wicked and worthless race of beings, deserving of all manner of punishment—which it should seem we are now undergoing; for they insist upon it that there is nothing in this world but sorrow, misery and sin.

The other party are less saturnine—they look upon man to be a pretty clever sort of a being naturally, with many good and some bad principles in his nature, either of which he is at liberty to cultivate, and which he does cultivate according to the force of temptations and the predominance of a good or a bad education. As to the world, although disfigured with much misery and vice, they still think that the balance is in favor of happiness and virtue. And they do not see the advantage or propriety in painting the world or its inhabitants in darker colours than truth requires. Much less allowable do they deem it to draw the character of the Almighty according to the gloomy imaginations of men, without regard to revelation.

Although I am a mere spectator of this pious warfare, not being arrayed with either belligerent, yet it may be proper to caution you against relying on my judgment without

making allowance for the lee-way of prejudice.

The most weighty objection to the Calvinistic system is, as I have ever conceived, the abridgement of free inquiry which it brings with it. If it is competent to one man, or any number of men, to decide upon doubtful points, not only for themselves but for others, and to *require* a belief in their decision,—where is freedom of inquiry? If they have a right to construe one book for us, they may extend that right to *all* books; and if they are infallible in religion, they may ere long claim universal infallibility. Besides, by the adoption of this system religious knowledge would become stationary, and we in the nineteenth century, instead of following the lights struck out by classical research and biblical criticism, must bend our necks implicitly to the yoke of Calvin and Athanasius.

The system of education adopted by this sect is in my opinion radically wrong—to train up youth to a particular theory, to inculcate certain dogmas, and to put no books into their hands but such as support those dogmas; what is this but to turn the key of knowledge on inquirers for truth? This



method may make zealous partizans and bigoted polemicks, but it is little calculated to make enlightened and pious Christians.

But these are not the only objections to Calvinism. Its teachers instead of taking the lead of the age, actually fall in the rear;—in all that relates to taste, manners, feelings and information, they are at least a century behind the rest of the world. They come to us in the temper of another age, when metaphysicks were in vogue. And their theology has never yet been cured of that epidemick. They still ring the changes on those obsolete and abstruse subjects to audiences little able to comprehend them,—while the rest of the world has grown *practical*, and is returning to common sense, both in religion and philosophy.

This error of the Calvinists is not however peculiar to them. Ali Bey, the celebrated traveller, mentions a similar propensity in Mussulmen to intermingle metaphysical subtilty with theology, and to substitute refinements and jargon for the weightier matters of practical religion and morality.

Have you read the travels of Ali Bey, sir? I of course answered in the affirmative a little disconcerted, which however I be-

lieve he did not notice. He then went on to pass a high encomium on my former journal, expressing astonishment at the variety of learning which he was pleased to say I displayed, not however without some *affectation* of knowledge, &c. &c. This charge was new to me; but I was obliged to assent to all. He even discussed the reality of the character in which I travelled! I soon took an opportunity to divert him from a subject so unpleasant, and to recal him to our former topic.

But have the liberals avoided the shoals on which their adversaries run aground?

Yes, sir, they have escaped *those* shoals. But alas! common sense has much to wrestle with before it can settle the vibrating scales of truth and error! The liberal party give the utmost liberty to private judgment and free inquiry. They inculcate Christianity as a *practical* religion—a system of morality and piety. Their teachers endeavor to keep pace with the rest of the world, to adapt their instruction to the present state of society, and the taste and feelings of their audience—avoiding metaphysical jargon on the one hand and melancholic bigotry on the other. They think,

since Christianity has become respectable and the condition of its professors comfortable, that they are warranted in assuming a corresponding cheerful countenance and voice; and in laying aside the quaint language of puritanism, and the lugubrious tone of primitive Christians.

All this is very well.—But every revolution tends to extremes. And the sun of truth has always had and always will have to struggle with the fog of human passions. You will not be surprised then when I tell you that the liberal party have not steered entirely clear of the quicksands. They have not used their liberty as not abusing it, with care not to make it a stumbling block for their brethren. Nor can it be concealed that they have given some colour to the charge of levity and skepticism in holy things. ‘Vanity of vanities all is vanity;’—“this is not true!” saith *our* preacher, not judging from consciousness probably. So the sentiment is correct no doubt ‘that there is nothing true but Heaven;’ but could it not be inculcated in a better way than by reciting a popular song from the desk? And it may be very entertaining and even instructive to hear a judicious critique upon

the writings of an eminent author ; but could not a teacher of religion take a more suitable time than the Sabbath for such a communication ? If this is not the conduct of a sincere and conscientious Christian who has a tender regard for the feelings of his fellow men, neither is it the part of a prudent man or substantial partizan. The folly of shocking unnecessarily any general prejudice, much more of loosening the reverence for holy things, is so obvious one would suppose as not to escape the consideration of the most infatuated.

But fortunately no religion is answerable for the passions and follies of its adherents. Vanity and ambition are not peculiar to any sect, and furnish evidence against the persons in whom they appear, not against their opinions. There will always be in every party bold and aspiring geniuses, who to be conspicuous will step forward of their contemporaries, without regarding personal obloquy or the interest of their sect.

Upon the whole, it is impossible to view either of these contending parties with entire satisfaction. If the austerity of one offends us, we cannot shut our eyes to the want of solemnity in the other. In avoiding the

quaint and fanatical language imputed to the teachers of that sect, those of the other commit as great a fault when they couch their prayers and discourses in a novel and unnatural phraseology, and reject the simple and expressive language of scripture. Take the following extract as an example, from the works of one whose memory they justly delight to honor.

“It [charity] is that love which, as the apostle says, is kind and forbearing, which envieth not, which is not vain or proud, which doth not behave itself unseemly or with indecorum, but consults the feelings of others, which seeketh not its own advantage,” &c.

Now this may be an ‘improved version,’ but it is certainly far inferior in pathos and expression to the old text which long acquaintance has endeared to us and rendered venerable.

It will require, I think, about one age more to bring these parties together;—for one to arrive at, and the other to return to, the goal of truth. By that time the temporary evils will have passed away that attended the first couching of the mental eye. < What is now called innovation will then

be establishment. The reverence for the scriptures and the authority of religion will then be re-established—if indeed they were ever detached or shaken. And then shall the world see clearly to collect what results to truth from the mighty decomposition of ancient and modern prejudice and error!

While my friend was giving this interesting account, I could not but reflect how soon mankind get bewildered when they leave the plain paths of the true faith for the defiles of infidelity! But I recollected the Wehabites and humbled myself in the dust. Alas, that the followers of the Prophet will be so much like Christians!

## CHAP. III.

*Ali Bey attends a rout—His views of the ladies—Their manners—Dress—Beauty—Education—The conduct of the gentlemen, &c.*

April 1817. A few evenings ago, I attended what is here called a fashionable rout. Several hundred cards or tickets of invitation were said to have been issued, and more than a hundred I should think, obeyed the summons. When I arrived, most of the company was already collected. I was met in the passage by the master of ceremonies who led me into the drawing room, which was lined with ladies, and conducting me up its whole extent, introduced me in due form to Madame, the lady of the house. He then discharged me, to attend to others.

After coffee and cake had been duly passed around, all hands began to prepare for the solemnities of the evening. The rooms were cleared for dancing or spread with tables for such as chose cards. I declined at first taking part in either, because I wanted

an opportunity to reconnoitre. I accordingly took a view of the several apartments:— in one was music and dancing, in others were gentlemen and ladies at whist, backgammon, &c. ; here a group of men talking upon political subjects ; there an unbroken file of ladies who did not find partners ; in one corner two or three gentlemen talking apparently in private ; in another quarter is stationed a corps of observation, taking a survey of the dance, and criticising the looks, dress, dancing, &c. of the rest of the company. When I heard some of this body admiring or condemning the dress of one lady, the face or foot of another, the figure or dancing of a third, I noticed the objects of their remarks to ascertain how far my ideas corresponded with theirs. For my own part I saw enough to admire in the features and complexion of the ladies, but very little in their dancing. They are certainly handsome;—their well turned oval features, their ruddy complexion, mellow eye and sprightly air would enrapture the most phlegmatic, if they were not, as in this country, the objects of daily observation. I verily believe that neither Cyprus nor the Haram can produce their parallel! Their



dress is not calculated to give effect to their beauty. It is in general too gaudy and too constrained. Their plumes, and spangles, and bracelets, and rings, and beads, and watches, may dazzle like a jeweller's shop. But simplicity is the garb for beauty.

Their dress is faulty in another respect, that was to me exceedingly painful. In conformity to a pernicious fashion, every lady imprisons her person in a machine called corslet, which, to conceal a bad shape or display a good one, is laced so tight as to produce visible constraint and pain in its victims. To this violent compression of the chest and stomach, and the consequent interrupted action of the corporeal organs I attribute the ruddy complexion of the ladies—a sort of hectic flush for which they are remarkable. To this cause also may be attributed their small breasts—‘those forms of beauty's mould,’ which, if emaciated by a deranged system, art can neither counterfeit nor supply. In vain do medical men inveigh against this fatal fashion. A female here does not hesitate when health is pitched against fashion.

Their dancing was perfectly decorous, but neither light nor graceful. The Spanish

bolero or German waltz would not be countenanced here. They learn to dance of the French, but both gentlemen and ladies make but sorry pupils, if this is a fair specimen.

From what I observed this evening I did not form a very favourable opinion of the good feelings and politeness of the gentlemen. It appeared to me that they gave themselves very little concern about the enjoyment of others when it crossed their own inclinations. This was very noticeable in their attentions to the ladies. Two or three who were styled, par excellence, *the belles of the evening*, monopolized the civilities of the gentlemen, and had a continual crowd revolving around them, flattering their vanity and anticipating their engagements,—while a large and respectable corps remained unapproached, without dancing or having an invitation to dance during the whole evening. I mentioned this neglect to one of the gentlemen, and proposed inviting some of a group hard by to take a part in the next dance. ‘Ah! Monsieur, said he, they are on the *old list*.’ I then shewed him another squadron that had been equally unfortunate. ‘Those are on the *ugly list*,’ he replied. All these lists the gentlemen regard as exempts :

or rather they regard age or complexion as an excuse for their own selfishness and ill manners.

I had a curiosity to satisfy myself of the correctness of these gentlemen's preference. With that view I invited one of these 'exempts' to dance, and it was the only time she danced that night. I found her a very attentive and good partner, and what is more, an intelligent and well informed young lady. Afterwards I opened a passage through the crowd to one of the *belles* and engaged her for a dance. The contrast was great—she was more fair than the other but not so good a partner, and appeared to be a giddy, trifling, forward girl, as incapable of uttering two intelligible sentences in connexion, as her own parrot.

I related the incidents of the evening to my friend who was accidentally prevented from being of the party. He said that the ill manners that I noticed in the gentlemen would cease to surprise me before I had been to many parties—for, said he, it is the standing order of the day in this place.

The company, he continued, which you met last night is a pretty favourable sample of what is called the beau monde in

this town. But, as you doubtless noticed, they have a good deal to learn before they arrive at the acme of refinement. The gentlemen especially are wanting in those fine feelings which are the evidence and result of a good heart and refined society. Of this what you witnessed last night may convince you ; and I could adduce other corroborative examples. The fact is, a Bostonian is not over delicate in his ideas or sentiments. Those nice attentions to the feelings of others to avoid giving pain constitute no part of his character or study. He wastes no time in circumlocution to qualify his language or temper it to the sensibility of those he addresses. In this respect he is considerably behind those that you will meet as you proceed farther south in the southern and middle states.

In pecuniary matters their ideas are peculiarly obtuse. Having generally acquired their property by their own exertions they know its value too well to make delicacy of feelings an item in their account. A debt of honour they would not comprehend. If they make a present it is with the worst possible grace and conceal so that every one knows it. If you are compelled by accident or ill

luck to ask a loan of a friend, he takes good care that you shall not forget it ; and the more publicly he reminds you of it the more speedily he expects to obtain payment. When you rise from whist after a course of bad luck, expect to hear your Bostonian antagonist vociferate, ‘ Pay your points !’ These coarse and sordid characteristicks present him in a very repulsive aspect to strangers.

It was certainly to have been expected that this mercenary spirit would wear off by degrees, or at least would have died along with him who contracted it as he acquired his property. The reverse however is the case. And descendants inherit the feelings as well as the property of their ancestors. How could it be otherwise, when the importance of money and the love of it are inculcated with their creed and ‘ grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength?’

As to the ladies, he continued, their deportment is usually unexceptionable. They use but little rouge, and seldom swear much, especially in presence of gentlemen. Such ‘ sarsnet stuff for surety’ as *faith, vow, Lord, mercy, &c.* makes about the extent of their asseverations.

But the point in which they are most conspicuously deficient is *information*. It is melancholy to reflect to what an extent of evil a perverted education has given and is giving birth. Females in this business-doing country have incomparably more leisure for literary pursuits than any class of men—I mean of course those females who are exempted by their situation from procuring their own livelihood. And yet with all this leisure what have they compassed in literature? Nothing! literally *nothing*! Nine tenths of the ladies of this town (with sorrow I say it,) are at this moment ignorant of the history and geography of their own country: as for European history ancient or modern—as for belles lettres, metaphysical or physical philosophy,—it is all terra incognita to them. Nay, even the current literature of the day is too much for them—excepting always *poetry* and *novels*. These, especially the most popular, with plays, song books and music books, constitute the sum total of the library of a young lady at the present day. If you think, sir, there is any exaggeration in this, go with me to the circulating libraries, and see what books are most called for, and by *whom*—go with me

to private libraries, to the shelves of secretaries and pianos—and lastly, for ‘damning proof’ enter into conversation with the fair subjects of my animadversion upon some topic that will test their historical or belles lettres information. But if you value your popularity as a beau, dont you make the most distant allusion to these subjects in their presence, or to any other subject connected with reading—excepting, as observed before, some *very* popular novel or poem, or a play lately got up. If you disregard these precautions expect to hear such complimentary ejaculations as “Oh my! he is so *pedantic*, or *tedious*, or so *impertinent* that I cant bear him!”

I do not give you this account to prejudice you against the ladies of this town: whether it is true or not judge for yourself when you become better acquainted. Nor do I intend to say that the ladies of this town are more deficient than those of most other places of equal population. But I do think it the duty of all men every where to protest against a misjudged and defective system of education of so important a part of the human species.

But, said I, is it not the duty of gentlemen to look to themselves. Their opinions and examples must always have a prevailing influence with their fair counterparts in a society constituted as this is. Do they always give that preference to intelligent and well informed females which they deserve? without regard to personal attractions or superficial accomplishments. If the conduct of your gentlemen last night is a fair specimen, I should infer that the ladies are not altogether without excuse.

You are right, sir—and this in mitigation I very readily allow, as far as it will go. And I am willing to pity rather than condemn that *penchant* of our fair co-ordinates, that gives to fops and coxcombs their undeserved influence. But my animadversions do not contemplate the young ladies themselves so much as their parents and governantes. But for parents and boarding school mistresses to trick off their daughters and pupils with such a heartless, unsubstantial education as—learning to draw a little, to embroider, to dance and play upon a piano—with the balance in novel reading, and in that chrysalis state to palm them upon men of sense as their meet companions—why



it is a fraud on individuals and an imposition on the public. This conduct is criminal in all, but in those parents who have had the benefit of a good education themselves and of course know its value, it is doubly wicked and cruel.

But it may be said that music and drawing and such 'fashionable accomplishments' have a social tendency, and fit young women for society. To this the common answer is conclusive—nothing is so social as a cultivated mind. Who has not felt the glow kindled by the coming together of informed and reflecting minds? Who ever knew such a meeting unsocial? On the contrary who has not been so unfortunate as to come in contact with persons whose crude and unformed ideas rendered their presence a desert, and their intercourse scarcely better than that of quadrupeds. Indeed those, who make this plea for the fine arts, as constituting a young lady's education, might as well contend that the society of fiddlers and dancing masters is preferable to that of educated gentlemen. Certainly this sort of education does not fit a person for conversation; which is the highest prerogative of society—this your own experience has just proved. And

it may be fairly said that as much as is added to the toes and fingers of ladies versed in the art and mystery of thrumming on pianos, and taking rigadoons is so much taken from the tongue and the brain. Do not suppose, however, that I would have them neglect these lighter accomplishments entirely; nor need they, and still have ample leisure for solid acquirements. But I would have them early and practically impressed with the importance of information and a taste for solid reading. Instead of their present frothy education that begins and ends with Miss Malapert's, whose mother

———“tutored her young one

To turn out her toes like the ladies in London.”

I would have mothers and governantes fit the objects of their care for the practical duties of life, by regulating their minds to sober application, by pointing out to them the objects most worthy of their attention, and inculcating a taste for the retired pleasures of mental employment. Novels and works of imagination they might regard as dessert to their more substantial repast. If they were taught music, it should be select and chaste; but should not be permitted (as they

now are) to follow the insidious track of a Moore to the confines of delicacy. Such an education would fit young women for wives and mothers—as nature designed them. We should then have a wife a mental companion, who would ‘joy in our joys and sorrow in our sorrows;’ not a hypochondriack, wayward, spoiled child to fill our house alternately with company and gloom, dissipation and melancholy. If such an education were common, marriage, instead of deterring the prudent by the hazard of drawing something worse than a blank, would become safe, inviting and satisfactory. But now the rash votary of matrimony may thank his stars if he is fortunate, and not his own discernment. He trusts indeed to the blindest chance. For in the present state of society, it is morally impossible that he should be much better acquainted with the disposition or mental qualities and acquirements of the fair objects of his *choice*, than if she were brought to him for the first time on the wedding day concealed in a basket, like the brides of Tangier.

But this system of mis-education is, I fear, too fashionable, and chimes too well with the frivolity of that sex, and the silly part of our own, ever to be eradicated. At least

I have long since despaired of seeing in my day female education conducted on sound and rational principles, much less do I expect to reap its genuine fruits. Those females who happen to be better educated than the mass of their sex will for some time yet, I fear, countenance a vulgar objection by not avoiding the dangers of a little learning, pedantry and eccentricity. This however they would doubtless out-grow when information becomes as general and as much a matter of course with that sex as with ours.

What opinion did you form of the manners of our citizens from what you saw last evening?

A pretty favourable one, sir—at least more so than I had expected. The ladies appeared best.

Less polished, however, than those you meet in Europe?

Yes sir, but their modesty or diffidence, [*mauvaise honte*] rendered them interesting without being awkward or embarrassed. Some few, however, seemed affected, others assured, [*assures*] and most wanted some of the ease and graceful dignity of the lady.

In the gentlemen there was less to approve—for unless a chief-clerk-and-cockney

sort of manners are indicative of gentlemen, I should doubt the right of most of those I saw to that appellation. They did not appear to know the difference between ease and impudence, and hit one in awkwardly aiming at the other. Their self-importance was so ill established in their own minds, that to put it beyond a doubt, they assumed a variety of unnatural and supercilious airs, little in unison with the dignified, unassuming, but conscious address of a gentleman.

This opinion, so unguardedly and candidly expressed, excited a smile in my friend. He said, however, that it coincided with his own, drawn from a much more thorough acquaintance.

## CHAP. IV.

*Abi Bey attends a Caucus—His Account of our Political Dissentions—Our Laws—State of Society—The Theatre.*

8 April. Last evening I attended what is here called a *Caucus*, that is, a public meeting of citizens to discuss political subjects and canvas the merits of their rulers. This meeting was held in a large hall which was very crowded and badly lighted. The discussion was not very interesting to me, turning mostly on local or personal topics. Those who took part in the debates were generally young men—their seniors either did not attend the meeting, or did not take much interest in the business. Their speeches although nominally extemporaneous, were in fact very studied and formal—some however were considerably spirited and glowing. Some of the speakers displayed very creditable powers of declamation, and they did not aspire to the higher regions of eloquence.

Their prevailing fault appeared to me to consist in not appearing to *feel* their subject, and in straining ever and anon to say something smart, with a view to applause—which in truth was dealt out to them very liberally, by clapping hands, stamping, huzzaing, &c.

They did not appear to come to any practical result after all. And I was surprised to find all the speakers coincide in their opinions; till my friend informed me that this is merely an *exparte* meeting; for there is another large party that hold a separate consultation. These parties disagree upon certain political questions, and have viewed each other in times past with a good deal of animosity. This division into parties is not confined to this city—it extends throughout the country, and has been the cause of much injustice and mischief. It is indeed a serious off-set against the liberty which this people boasts.

Among the many bad consequences of these dissensions, their effect on the moral principle is the most melancholy and most disgraceful. They debase the feelings and pervert the judgment. You can scarcely conceive, says my friend, the hardihood of depravity that men betray when acted upon

by these dissensions and the passions they generate. It frequently happens that men of talents and reputation appear utterly callous not only with regard to integrity and principle, but even to shame. Their opinions they regard as a commodity of traffic that may be bartered with as little detriment as other commodities; and they do not balance long about putting them off when they stand in the way of their ambition or interest. This conduct and these feelings could only escape contempt and disgust when the public mind is in a state of excitement; and their prevalence in any country is a blot on the national character. It is but justice however to state that, although instances of this want of principle are disgracefully numerous among us, there are many honourable instances of good feelings and integrity which neither the neglect of friends nor the allurements of enemies could overcome.

[Our author's informant here proceeds to illustrate his preceding observations by personal examples, giving a more minute account of our political squabbles and tergiversations—he then draws a short sketch of the character and comparative merits of the two great parties that have divided the country—all which for



obvious reasons the translator has thought proper to omit.]

These details were very interesting to me, although not so closely connected with my great project as the account of their religious disputes.

Notwithstanding the regrets of my friend, and the evils he had pourtrayed, it is very evident that these habitual disputes are on the whole beneficial, and perhaps indispensable to the preservation of liberty. They give health and vigour to the political body. A mere spectator would apprehend prior to experience that this self-governed people would look upon office as a burthen, and as soon as the novelty was gone, would regard the government with too much indifference to preserve it from dilapidation. But the ambition kindled by these disputes infuses, like hope, animation into every thing it touches. And the fact turns out to be—and it is a remarkable phenomenon—that the most obscure and laborious offices in the country are sought with avidity. Ambition resembles hope in another respect—it is commonly unfounded in reason or common sense. Else why should men crave offices

which cost them a large part of their earnings, considerable time and trouble, and the sacrifice of much private enjoyment—and all this for what? why, for a little village distinction, or in the higher orders for *fame*, if you please! Is this an adequate object? The desire of fame has been very erroneously termed ‘the last infirmity of great minds.’ A mind must have very equivocal claims to greatness that has not out-grown this infirmity. Indeed its very existence is inconsistent with greatness of mind; inasmuch as it implies a conscious dependance, a reaching after extraneous support. A really great mind will not humble itself to inquire what the opinion of the million is, much less will it deign to appear before its bar or abide its decree.

In a free country the best clue to the genius of the people is probably derived from their laws. As this species of knowledge is the primary motive of visiting a country, I have studied with some attention the laws of the Americans, particularly those of this state, which are all printed and collected in volumes—how much better than to be left like those of Musselman countries!

What struck me as most remarkable, was the enormous and confused mass of laws that has accumulated already, and the government is not forty years old yet!— Almost every subject has at one time or another come under the purview of these lawgivers. Among other things, *matrimony* has not escaped notice. The manner of transacting this business is very minutely prescribed. And a man is prohibited from procuring more than one wife at once! And this prohibition is scarcely thought a hardship by this free people! so powerful is habit.

This legislative cacoethes appears to be epidemic [*maladie du pays*], and in 1804 it arrived to a prodigious height. Not satisfied with the previous restraints and limitations imposed upon marriage, the lawgivers, undertook to control over the preliminary attachments between the sexes, and to subject the most distant indications of affections to their inspection. With this view they made a law that all ‘HEARTS and CHEEKS\* should be inspected’ by an

\* This is a gross or *wilful* blunder. If Signor Ali Bey had looked further than the marginal index, he

officer of the government. By an another law, the use of '*imagery*' is forbidden.— This is probably the reason that this country has produced no better poets.

Another law prohibits Dancing.\* This accounts for the people's dancing so ill, which I have already noticed in another place.

In another place the lawgivers betray their sentiments as to the relative importance of religion and learning, by the following classification: "An act for the encouragement of literature, piety and morality and the useful arts and sciences." Piety it seems is only second to literature, and morality quite in the back ground! This is not so in the Mussulman code.

The observations of my friend respecting the ladies, appear to have caused him a good deal of compunction. He has taken several occasions to recur to the subject, and to mollify his former animadversions. He cautions me not to be prejudiced before I

would have avoided such an unaccountable mistatement.—*Tr.*

\* This is also a mistake. We have no law forbidding dancing, but we have one that makes it penal in an Innholder to allow dancing *in his tavern*.—*Tr.*

am able to judge from personal acquaintance. Yesterday he introduced the subject again.

I fear I libelled the fair sex in our late conversation. But you must make due allowance for exaggeration. We are apt to be unreasonable in expecting from girls of fifteen or sixteen, a maturity of mind and ripened reflection much above their years, and above what we expect from our own sex at that age. And when we are disappointed because we expect too much, we give them credit for less than is their due, and impute the effects of youth to a bad education.

To appreciate correctly the female character, we should take into view the peculiar situation in which civilized society has placed that sex. Without the inducements to exertion that take the strongest hold of men—wealth and fame—looking forward to matrimony as at once their goal and asylum—it is neither strange nor unnatural that their minds should be moulded to their destination. It is neither strange nor unnatural that they should bend their attention to those minute and to us trivial attainments that are found, by experience, most

to advance them in the only field open to them. And so long as men are pleased with toys and play-things, they cannot blame females for giving to their minds the most current stamp. Let reformation begin at home. Let gentlemen learn to value and respect females of sense and information—let them look upon a cultivated mind as a *sine qua non* to that connexion which is dearer than life; and as supplying the want of mere personal attractions—and they may rely upon it their opinions and example will not be lost upon their fair correlatives.

But, said I, is it true that women have not some of the inducements to exertion that we have? What prevents them from tilling the field of learning—and from reaping its harvest, fame, like *Mesdames De Stael, Montague, Genlis*, and divers others our contemporaries? It is true that most of these have trod the roseate paths of imagination; but what debars them from distinction in history, philosophy and the sciences?

That there is no physical impediment, I admit, replied my friend, allowing (what I am disposed to allow) the equality of the mental powers of the sexes. And a man

more sanguine than myself might anticipate a time when the fair sex, if they do not monopolize, shall possess their due share of learning, and of its offspring celebrity. But I am far from thinking fame desirable, even for a man, much less for a woman. It is not with a view to that, that I desire to see a better system of education adopted—one that shall fit females, not for public, but private life, and give them resources for happiness within themselves, pure and perennial, which the world can neither give nor take away. An education of that kind would furnish useful and liberal employment to minds that are now a prey to idleness and ennui, or ignobly busied in gossiping, scandal and cabal.

But there are many obstacles to such an education, and no where more than in this town. The frivolity and fastidiousness of fashion, ever at war with common sense, have here rendered the condition of females more helpless and compassionate than it is naturally. Those who have beauty, youth, and above all, *wealth*, have a retinue of admirers to render them vain by flattery—those who want these essential accessories are given up to neglect, without

any regard to their mental qualities or acquirements. Such is the justice of our sex; and yet we expect females to cultivate their minds, to be neglected, 'to blush unseen.' In this town all these agencies operate with a most powerful purchase. Females hardly arrive to puberty before they are called *old maids*, or in the cockney language which you heard on one occasion are placed on the '*old list*.' If the poetical division is applicable to that sex, it may be truly said that in this town they pass *three* of their seven ages from fifteen to twenty-five. From fifteen to seventeen, it is the *timid and artless miss*; from that time to twenty-one, the *conscious, all-conquering belle*; from that age to twenty-five, 'a beauty waning and distressed' young lady. After twenty-five they are regarded as confirmed old maids and placed by common consent in the van of the forlorn hope.

In consequence of this injurious arrangement, girls, as soon as they get into their teens, are haunted with a fearful looking for of compulsive celibacy and ideal miseries. It may be doubted whether the horror of old maidism is not as deep rooted and as



violent as what nature ever felt for a vacuum.

This state of things must be regretted by every friend of humanity. But those only who have witnessed its effects know the extent of its cruelty and mischief—who have seen young women whose minds are just coming to maturity, crowded out of circles that they would adorn and animate, to make room for frivolous children,—who have watched the silent operation of anxiety and neglect on a lively and ingenuous mind, and marked its gradual transition from gaiety and animation, to placid dejection and cheerless indifference. Such a current of adverse circumstances might break down a mind of firmer texture than is generally attributed to females. The lonesomeness and destitution which they must feel when thus passed over by the world, might weigh down the most buoyant spirits and induce them to exclaim with Richard, “I shall despair!—there is no creature loves me—and if I die—no soul will pity me!” It is then that females feel the need of education, and let me add of *religion*—of a cultivated mind and well directed feelings, to protect them from their last enemy, *them-*

*selves*—to preserve them from the knawings of disappointment, and the gloomy workings of misanthropy.

A few evenings ago I was persuaded by my friend to attend the theatre. The house was thin and the performance quite indifferent. This I did not regret,—for I have always been of opinion that theatrical representations and their inseparable concomitants have a most pernicious influence on the morals of society. It was therefore with secret pleasure that I heard my friend advert on what he called the mismanagement of the theatre, and on the Bostonian taste for horse shows and still-vaulting in preference to the *refined* entertainments of the stage. My opinion of the tendency of theatres was not altered by what I saw this night. The play (the Belle's Stratagem,) was by no means one of the most licentious. It is even less exceptionable than most of the plays of the great and justly admired Shakspeare, whose faults are forgiven in favour of his exquisite beauties, his pathos and knowledge of the heart. But the greater part of his writings are but tolerated in the closet—they would (at least they *ought* to) disgust in representation. And in the closet

it appears to me that they are to be tolerated only by our sex and *married* females, for who would open Othello to virgin eyes, unless with design to enlarge their ideas and pollute their imagination?

The play which I saw performed is certainly less offensive on the score of indelicacy than those older writings. Yet even this is calculated to do a good deal of mischief. It has enough of libertinism in its characters, and of licentiousness in its allusions, to soil a pure and inexperienced mind. Although to the pure all things are pure, who would wish to expose their daughters or sisters at the ripening age of twelve or fourteen to the loose conversation of rakes and coxcombs, to hear them talk of their mistresses and boast of their amours? They might about as well be sent to a brothel. Yet such was the main scope of the play, and its predominant impression on the mind, and such were a considerable part of the audience that I saw in the boxes that night. And while I contemplated their tender age and as yet untarnished minds, I sighed—I reprobated their parents' rashness, and cursed the institution that spreads such a snare. It is an institution, praised be God! peculiar

to Christian countries, which the pure doctrine of the Prophet (as soon as it prevails) will sweep from the face of the earth!

I have said nothing of the transactions of galleries and green room—nor need I say any thing. Enough is heard and seen before the curtain to doom the stage and all its appendages.

## CHAP. X.\*

*Account of the Atheneum—King's Chapel—Mall—  
State-House.*

June. I went with my friend a few days since to view the public institutions of the city. Among others, the Atheneum is peculiarly deserving of notice. It consists of one of the most extensive libraries in the country. The books are not allowed to be carried out of the apartments of the library; in which, however, they may be consulted with every convenience, and in whose alcoves readers may be seen at almost all hours of the day. Besides many rare and valuable books, I was shewn a collection of prints of the chef d'oeuvres of European artists, some of which are scarcely inferior to the originals. On the tables of this institution are to be found most of the periodical journals of this country and Europe. This is certainly an admirable institution;

\* See the contents of the intervening Chapters at the end of the volume. *Tr.*

and its influence is said to be very beneficial in diffusing knowledge and promoting a taste for reading.

After leaving this interesting seat of learning, we passed, on our way to the Mall, a venerable antique looking church, with a portico supported by twelve huge plastered cylinders, or Ionic pillars. This is now called '*King's Chapel*'—my friend told me—its name having been lately changed from *Stone Chapel*. The former (said he) was its original name; but it was thought to savor too strongly of *Monarchy* in the patriotic times of the revolution. It was accordingly christened '*Stone Chapel*.' It is doubtful whether the first change or the late restoration indicates the greater wisdom.

The finest part of the city beyond comparison, is the Mall and the Common. The Mall is a colonnade of venerable trees, whose branches interlock and form a rich arcade; through which is a spacious gravel walk. This is a favorite promenade, where one may enjoy the beauties of nature and snuff the air while he is screened from the sun.

The Common as I have already observed on a former occasion, is an extensive square,

having the town on three sides and an arm of the sea on the fourth. This, tout ensemble, is a most charming view—the solemn range of trees with their dark foliage—the green field of grass swelling before the eye—the distinct water prospect opening a view of the surrounding country, and rolling the mellow western breeze, and reflecting the setting sun—all these natural beauties with the architectural simplicity of the buildings that rise like parapets around, combine to render this one of the finest scenes in the world—at least I have seen nothing surpassing it in all my travels. Will it be believed that this enchanting common takes its name from its being a *common cow-pasture*, and is actually given up to that animal!

On the north side of the Common stands an edifice on an elevated site, and lifts its head above the city, ‘proudly pre-eminent.’ This is called the *State-House*. It is an enormous pile of brick surmounted by a dome and cupola. It was this smoke-coloured dome that I first distinguished of the town before entering the harbour. Appended to the front of this edifice, is a balcony supported by seven prodigious square

pillars or battlements, of brick, which my friend humourously observed belonged to the *Yankee*\* order. The interior is divided into apartments for the officers of the government. In the second story are two chambers for the two branches of the legislature. In the centre of the building is a winding stair-case, by which we ascend to the cupola. Here opened before us an imposing prospect—on the one side the land spreading around us, and rising in the distance like an amphitheatre, chequered with villages and country seats, and fields ‘dressed in living green’—on the other side the dark ocean mingling with the sky, studded with white sails and rolling vessels. Under our feet lay the town with its hilly slate-coloured roofs and tapering gothic spires, and hemmed around by water on all sides except a narrow isthmus by which it hangs on the neighbouring continent. Upon the whole, I never enjoyed a finer scene. But why is this superior to the view from Seme-

\* *Yankee* is a cognomen familiarly given to the inhabitants of the eastern states, hence (my friend tells me) Boston is often called *Yankee town* in other parts of the country, being the capital of those states.

(*Ali Bey.*)



lalia or the mountains of Nicosia? if any one ask—because (I answer) moral *health*, industry, LIBERTY, happiness reign *here* and give pathos to the beauties of nature!

I counted from this height nearly twenty spires or cupolas rising from as many churches—but alas not one minaret, not one mosque—nor a single monument of the true faith! This reflection made me melancholy.

## CHAP. XI.

*An Excursion into the Country—Its Appearance—Architecture—Cambridge—The University.*

12 June. Yesterday the weather being fine, we mounted horses for an excursion which we had been contemplating for some time. We passed over the *neck* as it is called, and proceeded through Roxbury, Dorchester, Brookline, Brighton and Cambridge. The country appeared extremely pleasant, being highly cultivated and interspersed with gardens, meadows, orchards and country seats. The land, however, is not naturally fertile. The gardens are small but well cultivated, being designed more for use than ornament. Some have a small green house by which they neutralize the influence of the seasons. The houses are mostly for the summer residence of people from the town. They are situated pleasantly enough, in general, and the adjacent grounds sometimes exhibit marks of considerable taste.

But it is to be regretted that the architecture of their buildings is not such as to add to the effect of their picturesque situations. Instead of simplicity and terseness, these *boxes* betray a preposterous emulation of the stately magnificence and ornaments of a palace. This vicious taste in architecture prevails, my friend informs, throughout the country. Buildings, he says, which for magnitude and design would be set down for cottages, are seen tricked out in all the profusion of architectural finery—with piazzas, balconies, pilasters, atticks and domes—windows and doors crowned with pediments, tympanums charged with arabesques, cornices lined with modillions, and double rows of dentules, &c. &c.—and all this to private houses whose interior cannot open a room twenty feet square. The grandeur of simplicity is no where understood or relished in this country. If, as is commonly said, the architecture of a country is indicative of the character of the people, this account would go to prove that the Americans are finical and ostentatious above all other people. This conclusion is in some measure obviated by the explanation that my friend gives. He says, that those who deface the country with such architec-

tural foppery, are generally men who have acquired property by their own exertions and are destitute of taste and education. But this does not seem entirely satisfactory ; for where is the taste of their architects ; or are they overruled and compelled to indulge the depraved fancy of their employers ?

On our return through Cambridge we visited the University, the first literary institution in this country, and said to be little inferior to the seminaries of Europe. Its buildings are seven in number, all of brick except the Chapel, which is of granite. This is an oblong building, with a piazza in front, supported by nine Doric pillars. The architecture of this edifice has been criticised, and it must be confessed not wholly without reason. The piazzas and *halved* pilasters break the unity and diminish the grandeur of proportion.

A member of the University with whom my friend was acquainted, showed us the objects most worthy of attention. What most attracted my observation was a fine philosophical apparatus—the astronomical instruments, however, I thought not equal to mine. The chymical department has a convenient and well constructed laboratory.

In the anatomical room are seen a number of wax work preparations. They are the work of an ingenious Italian, and are said to be superior to human subjects for pupils, on account of their distinctness of representation. This is particularly observable in the *ear*, which is exhibited on so large a scale as to be rendered very intelligible.

The library yields to none in this country for value and extent—that of the Athenaeum is the only one that approaches it. It has been chiefly formed by private donations.

The botanical department has a garden and a green house, which however are too small for such an institution. And it appeared to me to be but indifferently husbanded. The garden is tastefully laid out in serpentine walks encircling an artificial basin of water, which makes a very pretty appearance. I noticed several plants here that I had found in Asia or Africa, and many others which are indigenious; for a more minute account of which the reader is referred to my Botanical Journal.

The mineralogical cabinet is too inconsiderable to deserve the name. This branch of science does not seem to be in favour at this

seminary. It is indeed hardly credible, but I have heard it stated, that the superintendants of the university rejected a present of a very extensive collection of minerals some years since!

The member of the university already mentioned gave us an account of the internal economy of the seminary.

The students, said he, are divided into four classes according to the years of their residence, four years being the term required for the first degree. They are governed by a code of laws peculiar to the university, which are administered in a summary manner by the instructors. They are required to recite lessons to their tutors or professors daily, for neglecting which they incur pecuniary penalties and other severe punishments according to the degree of delinquency. They are also rewarded for diligence by certain honorary notices, which are called parts, that is, characters which individuals are appointed to sustain in the public exhibitions. These parts have different degrees of honour attached to them chiefly by opinion, (being in themselves upon an equality) and are intended to be dealt out with reference to the differing merits of the pupils.

This arrangement, I observed, appears very excellent, well calculated to insure justice and temperate emulation.

‘*Justice and temperate emulation!*’ retorted the young man; alas! sir, a short residence here would convince you of the fallacy of reasoning a priori on this subject. That the system of reward and punishment adopted here is on the whole beneficial I am not prepared to controvert. And if it could be administered with impartiality and intelligence, many evils would doubtless be avoided, that are often thought inherent. But allowing that all the gentlemen instructors are intelligent and conscientious, and disposed to be impartial, there are still so many circumstances that will always jostle the scale of justice, that merit has rarely credit for its true weight. In the first place a young man’s character is not always known. And if it is known to his comrades it may not be to his instructors. The fact however unfortunately is, that our instructors are not entirely exempt from human infirmities. There is no sign on their lintels that imperfection should pass them over. Prejudice, that easily besetting sin, insinuates itself in every shape, and knocks with equal hand at the

door of tutors and students. Its workings even on staid and sober judgments deserve to be reckoned among the remarkable phenomena of the mind. Favoritism is odious and unjust every where, but in a literary institution, there is no phrase of reprobation adequate to it. The man that introduces or countenances it there is guilty of treason toward the republic of letters.

As to emulation, it strikes root among us sufficiently deep, and bears fruit both good and bad.

There are however some evils which I fear are inseparable from our system of education. Among these I reckon, on the one hand, the vanity and light-headedness which distinguished (and often undeserved) honours produce in young men thus prematurely given up to flattery; on the other hand, the chagrin and disappointment of those who deserve or think they deserve higher honours than they obtain. These causes, although of an opposite nature, produce similar effects: each injures the disposition of the young men and relaxes their exertions.

Another evil of more serious import, although less obvious to notice, is the incidental influence of our system of education on free-



dom of inquiry. Our instructors it is true do not incur the reproach of attempting to forestall our opinions; much less do they hedge in the field of knowledge by confining us to books of a particular persuasion. Yet it cannot be denied that the authority of their known sentiments unavoidably biases our inquiries. The bare knowledge of a *system* or *theory* formed and adopted by men who stand on the high ground of instructors, must have an influence on the most independent minded pupil. It at least fixes a point of attraction, around which all will revolve, who are too indolent or ignorant to make up their own opinion. Thus truth has not and cannot have fair play.

You are fortunate, sir, in your President; at least he sustains a high reputation, I observed.

Yes sir, and very deservedly;—he is peculiarly calculated to manage the wayward dispositions of young men. Since his presidency very material improvement has been made in the police of the seminary, and if the item of *impartiality* forms an insulated exception, it would be going too far perhaps to say that in this the movement has been retrograde.

Some of our instructors are not unknown in the literary world. Our President is esteemed an elegant belles-lettres scholar. The professor of metaphysics has written a treatise upon logic, which if it is not on enlarged and philosophical principles, has certainly rendered the subject more simplified and intelligible than it was left by his predecessors.

The professor of rhetorick too is not without literary claims. He entered upon his office under some disadvantages; but his failure has not been so signal as was anticipated. Indeed it may be questioned whether the narcotic effects of his lectures are not attributable as much to the contrast between him and his predecessor as to intrinsic defect.

But this gentleman was not contented to enact *Rigdumfunidos* in the college dormitory; the *silent* applause bestowed on his hebdomadal lullaby did not satisfy his high reaching mind;—a few years ago the poor man, like my lady Go-nimble, had a '*historical* fit.' He undertook to write a history of the late war between this country and Great Britain. A subject of this delicate nature was, you may well suppose, little suited to the wire edge of his feelings. With very little reflection he might have seen a

‘transparent probability’ of failing. To write such a history, as it ought to be written, would require not only a candid and cautious mind, but chastened feelings and tamed passions;—instead of which our professor went to work with as much headlong nonchalance as he would dogmatize on a theme. He has, however, ‘accoutred as he was,’ succeeded in one respect where most historians fail,—he has fairly rivalled an applauded excellence of an ancient historian,—for *his* history not only betrays no partiality in favour of his native country, but actually leans against it. In this respect I fancy his history is *sui generis*. But at all events our professor is not alone in his miscarriage. Attempts at the history of the same period by Mr. Brackenridge and Mr. Hunt, have been followed by failure equally notable—if indeed the mawkish stuff of the latter deserve the name of history, to which it certainly bears no resemblance.

To the friend of the American character it must be a consolatory reflection that this book of our professor’s ‘that roars so loud and thunders in the index’ under the name of ‘History,’ is not likely to be a lasting blot on our national literature. Its utter want of

merit as an authentic statement of facts will luckily avert such a misfortune.

My idea of this flourishing seminary was greatly exalted by what I saw and heard. Its literary aspect charmed me. And I could not help remarking to our young acquaintance the happiness he must enjoy.

Alas! sir, I am sorry to tell you that your conclusions are again erroneous. If the happiness of mankind is fairly measured by that within these walls, this world may well be thought, (as by some it is,) to be the scriptural hell, and men in a state of punishment. If to be in a state of constant turmoil and agitation—anxious to deserve the reward but doubtful of obtaining it if deserved—is to be happy, then are the students of this university happy.

But emulation is not the only cause of unhappiness here. The course of study prescribed for us, if the best, is not always the most pleasant,—nor is a person always in a humour to apply himself; especially to perform the labour meted out by a literary task-master.

We left this classical retreat highly gratified. We returned to the city over one of

the long bridges (of which there are a number) that connects it with the adjacent country. It was evening; and the lights of this and the neighbouring bridges had a very pleasing effect.

## CHAP. XI.

*President's Visit—Fourth of July Oration—Boston  
Hospitality.*

5 July. A few days ago I witnessed one of the most moving scenes that I have seen since I was at Morocco :—the President bashaw of these states made his public entre into this city. And it was a heart touching scene to observe with what affection his subjects gathered around him—to see the chief citizens holding his stirrup or bridle, kissing his hands, &c. &c. Their loyalty forcibly reminded me of the Emperor's reception when he graciously vouchsafed to visit his subjects. The procession for the President was, however, much the most splendid—old men and boys, young men and maidens preceded and followed him. A deputation met him many miles from the city. A strong military detachment served as an escort and a life-guard. During his residence here the city has put on a new face—all is movement, hilarity and parade.

Yesterday was the grand holyday of the country, being the anniversary of the independence of the nation. An oration in commemoration of the event was delivered. The orator drew his topics from the history of the country. His delivery was plain and unaffected, and the scope of thought quite creditable to his talents and reflection. This seems to militate with what my friend has frequently said of the habits of the young men of the town being inconsistent with study and methodical thinking—or perhaps it is only an exception.

The President was at this solemnity of course, for nothing is now done or thought of without him. The public prints give daily bulletins of his movements—where he has been and where he is going to be, &c.

My friend informs me that the President's advent has been attended with some remarkable phenomena. It is said to have fairly turned the brain of one editor, whose types, as by instinct, spell nothing but President, refusing every combination but such as pertains to him, or his horse, or his leather breeches. Some pretend to say, however, that the President is not the original cause of his mental malady, of which they cite

several previous indications, such as the anile fondness which he betrayed for the wedding garments of a Mr. Russell and wife, and the out-landish words that he began to use, as ‘Newspaperials,’ &c.—and several other symptoms of his distemper do they enumerate.

Among the physical phenomena of the President’s approach, continued my friend, the most wonderful is the attraction of several large bodies out of their orbits to the distance of thirty or forty miles. Some attribute this astonishing phenomenon in part to lunar influence, under the idea that the presidential attraction alone was inadequate to such an effect. Legal measures are in contêmplation to ascertain the correctness of this conjecture\*

The President is said to be well pleased with the loyalty and hospitality of this city. Its hospitality was known and has been applauded before ; and if I have not hitherto borne testimony to it, it is not because I do not entertain a due sense of it.

\* Query—What does my friend mean by *legal measures* in this connexion?—*A. B.*

A writ *de lunatico inquirendo* is probably intended in the text.—*Tr.*



My friend has frequently discussed this subject with me when he has heard me extolling the hospitality of this people. You fall into the same mistake that most strangers do upon this point, said he—and it is a very natural mistake. But a closer inspection demonstrates it to be such. When a stranger comes into town whose character or connexions give him authority or eclat, Bostonians are all attention—no people can be more officiously polite—the forms of etiquette are dispensed with, and no one thinks a party complete unless the *stranger* is there. He of course finds his residence of a few weeks very pleasant, and conceives a high idea of the hospitality of the people, which he gratefully publishes on his return to his home. This accounts for the name this town has unduly acquired for hospitality, especially at a distance. But at the time that they go so far out of the way for him, they will pass others unnoticed whose character is equally respectable and who have equal claims on their politeness; but who unluckily are not buoyed up by such powerful auxiliary aid. And the very people who thus throw open their doors to a distinguished stranger, will receive a ‘coun-

try cousin' or acquaintance, with a look that would chill the heart, and with civility measured according to the probable duration of his stay. Nay, sir, at the very time that they are paying such extravagant court to a stranger, they have acquaintances who are every way respectable and with whom they have been in habits of intimacy from their youth up, both at school and the university, but toward whom their hospitality has never extended farther than a passing nod, or the interchange of unmeaning civilities. If this is hospitality, then do Bostonians deserve credit for it. The fact is, that the hospitable people of this town live in a constant dread of being burthened by their acquaintance; and this liberal feeling is but partially smothered by the honour of entertaining a distinguished stranger. If you receive this account with distrust, it is creditable to your heart, but a better knowledge of the town will undeceive you.

Upon this statement of my friend I shall take occasion to make some remarks hereafter.

## CHAP. XII.

*State of Religion in Boston—Its Charitable Institutions, &c.*

I HAVE been at considerable pains to catch the religious feeling of this people, to ascertain the strength and bearing of their prejudices. With this view, I have attended their worship at the various churches of the city; which on their Sabbath are in general very fully attended. The audience appeared to consist mostly of the middle and upper classes. Where, thought I, do the poorer people worship?—or do Christians think them of too little importance to make provision for them? For a solution, I went as usual to my friend. He informs me that the common people are generally *too poor* to attend the established worship—or rather, if I rightly understood him, the Christians have established a sort of religious aristocracy, of which wealth is the

principal ingredient. For this purpose, the interior of their churches is parceled out into a great number of small apartments which are bought up by people of wealth, who alone are able to buy them. By this ingenious and truly Christian expedient, all who are not able to buy one of these apartments, are crowded out of the church. The number of these has been computed to be rather more than two thirds of the population of the city. How much more humane are the ordinances of the Prophet!

The religious services of the Christians are not so solemn and appropriate as the rikats ordained by the Prophet; but from the best observations I could make, I am inclined to think that they are performed with nearly as much devotion. Their ministers, I must admit, go through the solemnities with more propriety and judgment, than our Imauns and are in general more respectable and better informed. Their manners of preaching are very dissimilar. Some enforce their doctrines with a sincere and natural eloquence, worthy of a better faith. Others appeared rather enthusiastic and dogmatical—and others again, seemed to preach, (to use my friend's expression,)

to be heard of men. He has frequently told me that these gentlemen are not fond of study, and generally, in this city especially, contract habits unpropitious both to reflection and application. This however I have heard contradicted by others, and am inclined to think that there are at least some exceptions to my friend's statement.

The laity are extremely attached to their preachers. But this attachment is not very enlightened, and is most commonly emulous and exclusive, extending only to the preacher of their own parish or church. This spirit sometimes leads them into the grossest ill manners and even injustice. For if their own preacher goes abroad to preach at some other church, his parishioners do not conceal their dissatisfaction, and treat his substitute with very little ceremony. If they are in church before they are apprized of the insupportable change they sometimes leave it, but more frequently they take care to obtain previous intelligence and of course leave their pews vacant. Thus the poor pastor, unable to gather his flock, preaches to the walls. In some instances this fastidious affectation has carried this pious people to almost incredible lengths. It is said they

have actually requested some preachers never to officiate again in their church! Indeed all seem resolved to go to heaven in their own way, and under captains of their own choosing.

The truth is, said my friend conversing upon this subject—the truth is they go to church just as they go to the theatre, partly from habit and partly to pass an idle hour, or to escape from the fiend ennui; and if they can hear a tune or two well sung, and a good voice from the desk accompanied with a handsome countenance, they return satisfied, and with rapture acknowledge that they have heard ‘the most superb prayer that was ever addressed to an audience!’ Indeed their religion is essentially theatrical. In no catholic country perhaps is the power of *spectacle* so great as it is here. This is evident from the *theatrical* treatment which their preachers receive, which for fickleness and caprice, is worthy of the ‘gods and goddesses’ that preside over the stage. In preaching, all the town assume to be connoisseurs; and where this is the case, ‘hard is the fate of the preacher;’ for their caprice equals their infatuation. If he happens to *take*, he is extolled ad coelum, their

admiration knows no bounds. But if it unluckily happens otherwise, the wight must expect to preach (as was before observed) to empty pews. But even he that succeeds stands on slippery rocks. As he gained their favor by his pretty looks, he must expect to lose it when those looks lose their charms. This soon comes to pass—the wheel soon turns and rolls him *down* and another *up*. Instantly, in ‘the twinkling of an eye,’ every gunner disappears, and the poor spoiled young man is at last struck off as much below as he once went above his true worth. Another youth comes into fashion, with face as shining, and voice as sweet as his predecessor’s. It is now his turn to lead the town captive; and now the morning stars of flattery sing *his* praises together. It is needless to add that, in fulness of time, he also goes the way of his predecessor.

A speculation of this sort involved the good people of one parish in a laughable predicament. A young man of talents too great to be coquetted with came along. The people of the parish aforesaid, admired him of course, rather before they heard him preach. They had heard him for some time with wonderful constancy of affection, when

he, either doubting their stability or wishing to avenge the fate of his brethren, took an opportunity to mete back to them their own measure. He accordingly *jilted* them, and that too with circumstances of unheard of cruelty, and cold bloodedness! His parishioners were inconsolable; their wounded pride knew no balm. “To be treated so by a *boy!* who ought to have been grateful for the *honor* we conferred upon him!”

The epilogue to this comico-tragical exhibition is said to be in a state of forwardness, and is expected to be still more facetious, inasmuch as experience disregarded, renders even distress ridiculous.

But, said I, if religion is really at so low an ebb in this city, how comes it that the people are at so great expense in building churches and supporting teachers, &c.?

This may be accounted for, he replied, in two ways. In the first place public opinion and the laws require it. In the next place they make the most of necessity by turning it into an occasion to display their wealth and generosity. How far all the charitable institutions of the town might be accounted for on the latter principle it would be invidious to enquire. We ought rather to rejoice



in the good effects of even a wrong motive, and even admire the wisdom that makes even bad materials work together for good. Suffice it then to state that the inhabitants of this town are remarkably liberal and public spirited; and that scarcely any charitable purpose is allowed to languish for want of the fostering aid of the wealthy. And when they subscribe for the erection of Hospitals for the insane and similar laudable purposes, the merit of the act surely ought not to be drawn in question by any supposed reversionary or contingent interest.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Influence of wealth—Its tendency to destroy the moral faculties—Corruption of language—Wild lands.*

THE marabout of Tangier was right when he said that the mass of mankind are made for the amusement and behoof of men of talents—at least such seems to be their fate all over the world. That this is pre-eminently true in this town I am more convinced the more I become acquainted with its citizens and the *instruments of opinion* in application among them. Whatever may be thought by the learned respecting Archimedes' allegory, it is quite certain that the only lever that can move this city is (without a metaphor) *money*. And never did *this* lever act with greater purchase than here. He, that holds this, needs nothing else—he is listened to with the utmost docility, and his dicta are treasured up and repeated with the most undoubting submission. He has admirers wherever he appears who are ambitious of

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puffing him without hope of reward, save the honour of it. A general pre-disposition to praise, approve or admire more surely indicates this mine and its owner than all the arts of rabdomancy. Whatever he thinks or does is right, and every appendage of his is excellent—his manners are the most perfect, his equipage the most elegant, and his daughters the fairest and altogether lovely.

Woe to the wight without money who comes in competition with *him*, with only equal merits—his superiority must be overpowering or his case is desperate.

This money worship has not only vitiated the moral sense of this people, but has actually corrupted their language. Of this the word *good* is a remarkable instance. This, by a characteristic metaphor, no longer expresses moral but pecuniary qualities, and is applied not to the heart but the *purse*. Thus when they say that this or that man is *good*, they mean that he has property or is able to pay a debt!

My friend often descants upon the ‘Boston god,’ as he calls money; which he says constitutes both their *lares* and *penates*. It is astonishing and melancholy, he would say, to see the adoration of this mighty deity;

before which Bel boweth, Nebo stoopeth—to see even strong minds broken down by its influence, and lose all sense of right and wrong, of merit and demerit. I am not wondering that the bulk of the people are but partially informed and willing to take opinions at retail as they do their gin and tobacco. But to see the moral sense erased from the mind, and a general prostration of principle before the shrine of wealth—and that too among the better informed—is indeed intolerable. It ought to be reprobated and held up to public scorn. But this disposition, odious and contemptible as it is, might be pardoned, or at least pitied and disregarded, if its consequences were only of a private and personal nature—they might bend the knee to wealth, pervert their language, sell their daughters in wedlock to the highest bidder whether fool or knave, and,—but for the *public* effects of the conduct, its influence on our national character and political institutions—I certainly would not trouble myself nor disgust you with the mention of it. But when I consider that this omnipotence of wealth is as subversive of the spirit of republicanism as it is of

morality and justice, I think it ought to be marked with public censure and contempt.

It may be thought strange that such a pernicious weed should take root in this town, emphatically styled the *nursery of liberty*. But we must remember that it acquired and deserved that appellation in the days of simplicity and integrity, before the apotheosis of wealth—before the contagion of servility had been scattered by the blasts of patronage. In those patriarchal days favouritism had not become systematized and so incorporated with the ideas and feelings of the people as at present. Then men laid their account to rise not by patronage but by merit. And it is now worth the consideration of those whose conduct and example stamp the character of a people to inquire, whether this course of conduct is consonant with the genius of our institutions and government; or whether it does not tend to break down that spirit of independence which is the stamina of our free government. They ought to reflect too, whether it would not be a more generous policy to patronize *merit* only, instead of drawing around them parasites and flatterers who expect to live by borrowed consequence—

whether their tables and drawing rooms would not be as much honored, and themselves and families as much edified by the intercourse of independent and cultivated minds who exact a respectful co-equality, as by the presence of a *servile pecus* who watch the nod and re-echo the sentiments of their host.

I am persuaded that if the town ever recovers from this distemper, the cure must come from this source. To talk of peoples' curing themselves, of their returning ex mero motu to the erect course of independence, and throwing off their mental vassalage by their own strength is altogether idle. They are not even conscious of their disease. On the contrary, they think themselves the most independent and impartial of mortals, without a single sordid or servile particle in their composition. And they are even more sensitive than most people under the imputation of being sycophantic or time serving, and swallowing the opinions of those whom money or fashion has deified. A people sitting in such palpable darkness will never come to the light of themselves; for there is reason to fear that their organ of perception is decayed.

Besides, it is right that the cure should come from the same source with the malady. If men of station and talents (who ought better to have regarded what they owed to themselves and to their country,) have been instrumental in introducing a system of favoritism and its concomitants, fawning servility and meanness; they surely are the men to begin the work of reformation, of bringing back their townsmen to their primitive integrity. By so doing they may make some slight amends for the mischief they have occasioned.

But if the people of this town, continued my friend, attach so much importance to wealth, it is but fair to allow that they show some judgment in the use of it. After the claims of vanity and display are satisfied, they commonly cast about them for monuments to which to affix their names, thus attempting to acquire by the purse the semblance of the meed due only to talents and virtue. Those who cannot afford to build halls or market houses, purchase immense tracts of wild land, contented to lose the first cost and accruing charges, provided they are allowed to christen a township of bears and sables by their own name; which

they hope by this means to send down to future ages. It may be said, perhaps, that convicts and debtors have *their* names perpetuated and transmitted to posterity on gaol books and judicial records; but that is a very different sort of celebrity.



## CHAP. XIV.

*Domestic Economy of Bostonians—Their Esprit du Corps—Its Consequences.*

I do not agree with my friend that this pecuniary propensity deserves censure chiefly on account of its tendency to subvert the government of the country. It appears to me that its private and domestic effects are equally pernicious and lamentable. Among these may be reckoned the expensive habits, the preposterous itching for style and parade so common in this city, and so prejudicial to the comfort and happiness of families. Nothing is more frequent than to see men, 'with means too humble for their haughty minds,' in moderate circumstances with a young and numerous family dependant on their exertions, anticipate their income, involve themselves in debt, and at their death bequeath to their families penury and dependence. In no other country, I believe, is the style of living so disproportioned to the ability or property as here.

In Europe if people live in splendor, they are generally able to bear the expence, without breaking in upon their capital. Here it is quite otherwise. Men with no property but a stated salary swallow up that by affectation and extravagance, and losing all forecast, bring up a family with a certain prospect of poverty.

These habits of extravagance are not confined to the men. The *ladies* have their full share; and in fondness for finery and dress exceed even the ladies of Botany Bay.\* It is said that London milliners receive their largest orders from this country, and inquire with surprise who there is here able to support such style?

The inhabitants of this town, (said my friend,) have one trait, I must allow, that is altogether honorable to them. The *esprit du corps* for which they are distinguished certainly does honor to their feelings. It is true that it gives them the air of novices when they are caught abroad, and strangers even accuse them of illiberality, when they perceive their ideas all centre around their own native town; but Bostonians are wise enough

\* Vide Brewster's Encyclopedia—art. Colony.

to disregard the ill-natured pleasantry of southern wags, and go on their way rejoicing that they are not as other men.

This amiable attachment to the things of this town is productive of a variety of interesting effects. In young men and misses it produces a suitable ignorance of all out-of-town or '*country*' matters—under which term '*country*' they intend certain terra incognita, about which their ideas are as flattering and nearly as accurate as they are of Siberia or El Bahhah Soudan. Now although this ignorance ostentatiously avowed to '*country cousins*' exposes them very unreasonably to the charge of affectation, yet it certainly presents them in a meek and unassuming point of view. In those who have arrived to maturity its effects are equally happy. Meet them on 'Change or in their drawing rooms, you find them always uniform—always exhibiting the same enviable complacency and self-importance—their ideas always bounded by the same circumference, to wit, their town; and always revolving around the same centre, to wit, *themselves*.

This excellent characteristic gives this people many enjoyments which the world knows not of. By the help of this they keep

a constant procession of great and celebrated personages passing before them ; whose greatness is only visible to Boston eyes, and whose celebrity Bostonians entirely monopolize. It makes them in short a little world of their own, whose vast concerns engross their whole attention and outweigh in their minds the rest of the universe.

A Bostonian abroad can never remain long incog. : if you find him in New-York, Baltimore or elsewhere, you soon perceive by his dip what quarry he comes from. His empty consequential air, his real and pretended ignorance, are marks which soon betray him. In conversation he displays with exquisite *naivete* his predilection for his own dear town. Its paramount importance is the lemma of every proposition and the *bout* of every observation. And if any thing is in dispute he appeals to the example of his aforesaid town with the most conclusive confidence. these enlarged and liberal views exhibit him to strangers in a very pleasant and patriotic light.

There is one case in which the tendency of this esprit du corps is thought to be of a questionable nature, that is, in its effects on statesmen and legislators. Some have con-

tended that this Bostonian feeling, by contracting the views of statesmen whom the town has sent forth, renders them less fitted to make laws for a great nation. But this objection is founded on an assumption altogether inadmissable, viz. the subordinate importance of this town compared with the rest of the nation.

To give you a thorough understanding of this subject it is necessary to observe that not every one that lives in Boston is subject to this esprit du corps in its full extent. There are too classes of citizens widely differing in their own estimation from each other. The first class comprehends those who were born in town, and whose parents before them made it their domicil. The second class includes such as have migrated hither to sojourn for a season, to buy and sell or pursue a profession. The former draw a deep line of circumvallation around their body to preserve its integrity from all plebean commixion. They look upon the second class as interlopers and intruders, who are encroaching upon their patrimony, corrupting the city manners\* by standing 'between the wind and their nobility.'

\* Vide the life of R. T. Paine prefixed to his works.

The other class are a peaceable well disposed, and harmless sort of people, not so high minded as their brethren, and occasionally exhibiting a gleam of independence. The first class assume a loftier gait, and claim an exclusive patent-right to the immunities of gentility and fashion; but the second possess full as many qualities of gentlemen. Both are alike slaves of fashion and opinion, but the second class retains still a few sparks of moral sense not yet extinguished by the power of money.

## CHAP. XV.

*Commencement at Cambridge—The Exercises—American Literature—Causes of its Inferiority—Puffing.*

28 August. Yesterday I went with the multitude to see the grand Commencement exhibition at the University. The exercises were performed by those students who, having finished their term are about leaving the institution and receiving its degrees. The recitations were delivered from a temporary stage erected in a church, the pulpit of which served for the President's throne. They were composed in various languages, such as English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c.—none in Arabic! Their Latin and Greek savoured strongly of English, both in pronunciation and style. The former in particular struck me oddly, owing I believe chiefly to the long flat sound which they uniformly give to the letter *a*, and the American sound of the letter *i*, and also to occasional

wrong accent. I am inclined to think however that the genuine English pronunciation of the classical languages is more sonorous and perhaps nearer that of the ancients than the pronunciation of the French or of any other European nation except the Italians, and the descendants of the ancient Greeks.

The oratory of the young men was natural and unimpassioned; addressed mostly to the understanding. But they nearly all failed in the first great requisite of good speaking, by not making themselves heard—or if heard they did not fill the house and *force* themselves on their audience. Their gestures were frequently incorrect and their manners generally awkward. And their articulation and emphases might in some instances have been improved. There were also faults of a higher order that might be pointed out, if one were disposed to criticism—such as the choice of trite subjects, and the tame common place ideas announced as *novelties*, &c. &c. But due allowance ought to be made for the youth of the performers. Upon the whole the exhibition was gratifying and creditable to individuals and the institution.

The audience was numerous and brilliant, composed of the literati and fashionables of



the city and neighboring country. The ladies especially, in their ambitious costumes, made an imposing show. The President of the University seated on his throne presided over the solemnities. His rotund figure and luminous countenance, braced in his official robe, and surmounted with a square black cap, made rather a grotesque spectacle.

The day was closed with festivity, as is the custom in this country. A public dinner is given by the University. Of this I partook by the invitation of my friend, who having taken the degrees of the institution, had a right to invite me. Here I found myself among the Proceres of the land—civil, military, ecclesiastical and literary characters. After dining they sung a hymn, in which I joined with great devotion. When I saw several venerably appearing divines joining in the festive and devout scene, I could not repress a sigh that they would probably be left to die as they have lived in error and misbelief!

When we were returning to the city our conversation turned on the literary character of the country. We both agreed in allowing the Americans, talents equal to the inhabitants of the Eastern world. And yet, said I,

how comes it that among so many engaged in the literary race, so few have gained any considerable prize? so few have arrived at excellence in literature or made discoveries in science? To this my friend replied, that this is a problem which many on both sides of the Atlantic had tried to solve. But no solution that I have yet seen appears entirely satisfactory. It has always appeared to me that the operative cause of our literary inferiority is to be found in the propensity to *imitation* which is an endemick in this country. The truth is, we have always been in a state of pupilage—our literati (if indeed there is such a body in the country,) looking up to Europe for instruction, and our soi disant gentry for fashion, and all receiving their lesson with implicit docility. We found it more easy to throw off the political than the literary government of foreigners. This mimetic disposition so destructive of invention and originality, is not confined to literature—it is the predominant characteristic of the people. Nor is it peculiar to cities, it extends the whole length of the sea-coast, and pervades the entire depth of the interior. One village imitates another village thought to be more refined or wealthy; and one indi-

vidual apes a neighbour whom he considers his superior. Without doubt the popular form of our government—by taking out of the market a large proportion of the best talents—has had its effect in prolonging our literary minority. But this alone does not seem adequate to such an effect, ‘or rather defect.’ But whatever may be the cause, the *fact* is undeniable—the taste of our country *is* essentially crude and unformed. Although our colleges and universities are numerous and flourishing, and knowledge probably more generally diffused here than among any other people, yet (and it is astonishing to see it) few even of those who receive what is termed a liberal education ever mature a literary taste or pursue any branch of learning, except what is necessary to the practice of a profession. From this circumstance the field of literature is abandoned to empiricks and pretenders, whose jejune productions gain some notoriety because our national vanity has nothing better to feed upon.

It is but too true I fear (continued my friend) that the obstacles to literary excellence in this country are indigenious. The

habits of the people are not studious. We have very few among us who study for the love of study. Our scholars are impatient for profit before they have acquired capital. In accordance with the trafficking spirit of the country, they manufacture their flimsy wares for immediate sale.

But although our literature is thus materially unripe, and our writers exhibit few marks of erudition or matured reflection, our literary annals can boast of some specimens of wonderful precocity and still more wonderful modesty. In a late magazine published in a neighboring city, and edited by a youth fully out of his teens, I lately found a precious proof of this:—the unassuming reviewer, after using a number of celebrated names with very little ceremony, knocks Dugald Stuart quite down. He concludes a notable piece of garrulity after this sort—“We wish our *readers* to know that Stuart has *very* little originality, has made *very* few discoveries in the philosophy of the human mind; is indebted to Dr. Reid for a system that is generally sound!” &c. &c.—*Analect. Mag.* Aug. 1817. All this is nice no doubt: but this magazine can furnish other specimens not a whit behind it. The

same journal affords an example of the aping disposition of our writers which I have just mentioned. Its awkward and mawkish imitation extends even to the style and turn of expression. Whoever is acquainted with the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews will find the style of this journal as much like that of those as the gait and dress of a chambermaid are like those of her mistress.

It may be thought strange that the same people should be habitually under the influence of imitation, and yet betray such an itch for innovation—as we Americans certainly do, as appears by the strange words and bombastic style which we meet with in American made books. I will not undertake to explain this apparent paradox; nor decide which disposition is most prejudicial to literary taste and national character.

In the public papers this morning I observed the literary exercises at the university, some of which were designated as being peculiarly excellent. These encomiums were as I thought generally misplaced. I so far distrusted however the correctness of my judgment as to ask the opinion of my friend, reading to him at the same time the laudatory critique in the paper. He burst into a hearty

laugh. Is it possible, said he, that you have lived so long in this town and do not understand the *puffing system* in fashion here? It is more than probable that the writer of this critique was not even present at the exhibition; or if he was, had first written his remarks. These puffs are generally managed in a very ingenious way, and are found to be ‘the sovereignest thing on earth,’ when skilfully applied; especially in a town where opinions are an article of retail. In this town the earliest puff is commonly the most successful, as it is sure to find the enlightened cits completely *opinionless*, and ready to be carried about by every wind of puffing. When these collegiate exercises are the subject, some officious friend or sapient editor is generally the puffor. And the technical introduction of this class of puffs is in the words following, to wit, “Where all performed so well, it would be invidious to discriminate, we *cannot* forbear however *just* to observe that the chaste style and impressive eloquence of Mr. A. B. gave distinguished gratification.” This is usually translated thus, ‘as to the merits of the performances I did not pay sufficient attention to be able to decide, yet as I, the puffor, am

the especial friend of Mr. A. B. (the puffee,) I cannot forbear just to take this method to induce the public to believe that he is a surprising youth, and did in very deed surpass all his class-mates,' &c. &c.

## CHAP. XVI.

*Ali Bey prepares to leave town—Tribute of gratitude to the hospitality of Bostonians—Their character—Compared with the Inhabitants of Algiers, &c.*

20th Sept. My friend\* has at length concluded to accompany me in my tour through the southern and western part of the country. We have made our arrangements to set out to-morrow in a chaise and pair. For a few days past I have been occupied in taking leave of my numerous friends—for such I will ever esteem them. Our parting is very cordial and affects me to the heart.

I must here once for all state my unqualified dissent from my friend's opinion respecting the hospitality of the citizens of the town. Surely if any thing can be called hospitality their humanity and politeness to

\* It appears from a subsequent part of the MS. that this 'friend' of our traveller who makes so conspicuous a figure in the preceding pages is a native of Virginia.—Tr.



me deserve the name and the praise of it—  
 et hoc meminisse semper juvabit!

[The residue of the chapter consists of general reflections upon the state of society in Boston, as to refinement, morality and religion. The author then draws a parallel between the Bostonians and the inhabitants of Algiers, Morocco and Constantinople. In all that relates to the learning and the arts of civilized life he gives a decided preference to the former; but he claims precedence for his Mussulmen brethren not only in religion, but in moral principle and that rectitude of feeling which prompts one instinctively to discriminate between right and wrong, merit and demerit. He also thinks that the people of the last mentioned cities are most discerning, thoughtful and independent, more in the habit of thinking for themselves, and consequently less exposed to dupery, &c. These opinions, the result of our author's intercourse in this town, and so flattering to our vanity, may startle us a little at first, but he fortifies them with a variety of curious speculations and allusions, which the Translator regrets he cannot give in extenso.]



#### CHAP. XVII.

*Ali Bey leaves Boston--takes the route through Worcester, Hartford, &c. to New York. His observations on the country--its minerals—Geology—Botany—Speculations upon the formation and antiquity of this continent.*

The first part of the book is devoted to a general  
introduction of the subject.

The second part contains a detailed  
description of the various methods  
used in the study of the subject.

The third part is devoted to a  
discussion of the results of the  
investigation.

The fourth part contains a  
summary of the work done  
during the course of the  
investigation.

The fifth part is devoted to a  
discussion of the conclusions  
drawn from the work.

## APPENDIX.

*Memorial of Ali Bey, &c. &c. concerning the introduction of Islamism into America.\**

THE conversion of this new world to the true faith, was the sublime project conceived by Imaum Ibrahim Mukabedladzi. It has long been wished more than expected by the faithful and the good. If this glorious purpose can in any degree be advanced by my feeble efforts, I shall be happy and blessed—then shall I gather the fruit of all my toils and travels altogether—of the thirst and heat of Africa and Asia, and the perils of the Mediterranean and Atlantic!

If to any this project seems chimerical, let him hear and judge. And may the Prophet of prophets give him wisdom to judge:

\* *Sic in MS.*—This memorial from some internal marks it seems the author intends to dedicate to the Grande Signior. What is here published is evidently only a rough draft, without form or connexion:—*Tr.*

Of the continent of America, that part called the United States is the most interesting and enlightened. Here consequently ought our exertions to begin. But what part of these States is most favorable for the attempt? An important question, and difficult to answer. I can speak from personal knowledge only of this city [Boston] and its immediate neighborhood—from which we must judge for the present of the rest of the country, as we measure a circle by a segment.

It cannot be said that this city is pre-disposed to a revolution of the nature and extent of the one in contemplation. It lies contented and inert in its present darkness. Such a mighty innovation, if prematurely or improvidently attempted, would doubtless alarm and shock the people. But there are many circumstances in the present state of this city, in its character, manners, and opinions, which taken together convince me that this is the point to begin at; that here a breach may be made, and a tenable lodgement effected, which in due time shall compel error and misbelief to capitulate.

The people of this city are sufficiently enlightened to appreciate our religion. Of

this there can be little doubt. Their schools for education are numerous, and the state of learning equal at least to that of Fez, Algiers, or even perhaps to Mecca itself. There is too, I think, a good disposition among the citizens and liberal feelings. They have, it is true, an established faith and established preachers of it. This to some may seem an insuperable barrier. But this idea from the interior view which I have endeavored to take, seems to be a mistake. This garrison in appearance so formidable, is weak, divided and mutinous. The teachers of misbelief disagree about the manner of misbelieving. And their quarrels have been so virulent as to create mutual enmity and distrust. One party charges the other with infidelity, want of zeal, treachery. This in its turn accuses its adversary of making a book for itself instead of the Book of their religion, of tyranny, bigotry, &c. Whether these accusations are true or false, they are the cause and consequence of a mighty schism, that is spreading wider and wider and opening a door to the healthful breeze of truth.

Nor is this controversy confined to the teachers—the common people engage in it

with as much heat as their leaders. The points about which they dispute are of no importance either to Islamism or Christianity.\* And if we thought proper to join either party we might indulge them with their favorite dogmas without compromising the doctrines of the Prophet.

But this warfare is not engaged in by the whole population. There is a small but reflecting number who either disapprove of the doctrines of the great rival parties, or of the measures adopted to support those doctrines. These are mere spectators of the pious contention. And from these we have probably

\* It will be remarked that I have said nothing of the advantage of the contemplated conversion on the score of doctrine—to the faithful this would be superfluous. I would only observe here, that our creed is as pre-eminent over that of the Christians in simplicity and intelligibility as it is in truth. If any doubt this, let him compare the creed established by the concentrated wisdom of Christendom at the council of Nice, with that of the Prophet. The former begins thus, “We believe in one God, Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible: and in one Lord Jesus the only begotten Son of God, begotten of the father, before all ages, God of God, light of light, true God of the true God, begotten, not made, consubstantial with the father,” &c. &c. Now hear ours, sublime and true—

La illaha ila ALLAH!—There is no god but GOD!

A. B.

more to apprehend than from both of the litigating factions.

In selecting one of these sects for an ally in our project of conversion, regard must be had to their character, prejudices and connexions. In this city the liberal party is the most numerous and respectable. It comprehends all the wealth and fashion of the town. The Liberales profess to be more enlightened and freer from prejudice than their opponents. Although the amount of this is soon computed, to wit—that they have laid aside their old prejudices for new ones that are more fashionable—yet this circumstance is of importance to our purpose. If they have been detached from one set of prejudices, they may be probably from another—and then with due exertion the scion of truth and Islamism may be engrafted.

It would be worth while, perhaps, to ascertain the truth of the charge alleged against this sect of skepticism and disregard to their Book. The interpretation of this may be, that their good disposition and research are unclenching the hold of error and preparing their minds for the true faith.

It will be important to study the character and opinions of the leaders of the two parties

before we make choice of either. Men of a bold aspiring temperament, addicted to singularity, bustle and affectation, put in motion more by vanity and an itch for distinction than by the merits of a cause; who preach even in the cause of error as if they hardly believe it—with a wavering purpose and misgiving heart—men of this mould will be useful instruments in our hands; and can be easily attached to our cause if we flatter them with the idea of being the ostensible leaders.

Upon the whole if we begin in this city, the *Liberales* are the party with whom we must seek alliance. For though their opponents might be as easily duped, their influence is too inconsiderable and their name too unpopular to be of much use to us.

To ensure success it will be necessary to give our cause brilliancy and eclat in the outset. All the auxiliaries of wealth, talents and fashion should be brought to our aid. Nothing in this city will supply the absence of these. The *Imaums* and *Fakirs* selected for the high trust of sowing the seeds of truth in this benighted land, must be men of talents, education and address. They should be invested with all the splen-



dor that money can command. Their mosques should be magnificent and richly endowed. With these pre-requisites a few able Imaums would find no difficulty in attracting, first to their drawing rooms and then to their mosques, all the fashionables and literati of the city. The example of these, always contagious, would soon influence the middle and lower classes. With a good voice and commanding manners, with funds sufficient to appear men of the world, to give dinners and routs, frequent the theatre, &c. our teachers would be certain of success. The fashionables would court their society and ape their manners, the literati would be convinced by their arguments, and the vulgar dazzled with the novelty and splendor. Thus all classes would swallow the new doctrines and taste the saving draught of truth.

The celerity of this movement will not appear incredible, when we consider the influence of fashion and the manner in which opinions are handed through the city. If a youthful preacher without the aid of wealth or the attractions of novelty in doctrine, can empty the churches of the oldest pastors and draw the town after him, would it be

wonderful if the eclat of a new faith, and the power of a *true* one, gilded with wealth, magnificence and fashion, should arrest the attention of such a volatile and fantastic people in a much greater degree?

I would not be understood to say, that all who attend the preaching of our apostles or appear at their levees would become sincere converts off-a-hand. But I do not hesitate to assert that Islamism, by the aid of the accompaniments already mentioned, would immediately become the fashionable religion of the city, which all who wished to be thought genteel would adopt and believe, or affect to believe. It would soon become the criterion of good company, education and liberality.

How long it would require to convert the Christian teachers themselves, when they found every avenue to distinction, except by the new faith, closed upon them, and when fashion and interest conspired to convince them, it is not easy to determine. Allowing them to be candid and intelligent men—a character which they in general sustain—we might expect to number them with us speedily.

But to effect this healing change, our missionaries must possess an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. They must exercise caution and judgment in broaching their doctrines, not to alarm prejudice or provoke controversy. They must bring every species of moral artillery to bear. With a people proverbial for vanity little sagacity will point out what string to pull—when argument fails, bring up flattery to support it. In short they should be able to mould even the weaknesses and vices of mankind to their purpose. When all classes of people take their opinions chiefly upon trust and pass them on, like empty buckets, it must be an object with our teachers to secure the source whence their opinions are drawn—or rather to *be* that source.

To a people so passionately fond of titular distinction, our establishment would be very defective if it did not hold out that species of attraction. I would therefore recommend that a musselman College be established in the first instance, with power to confer degrees of D. D. S. T. D. L. L. D. &c. &c. Perhaps an order of Mouhhammed would be beneficial, its members to be distinguished by medals, ribbands, stars, &c. Public

processions would also be found to be of advantage, and public days, upon which a hopeful convert might be appointed to deliver a discourse. This distinction would not be thrown away on him, and would besides tend to produce good dispositions in others.

Having secured the city, the next object would be the university. This is of primary importance, and would not hold out long after the former had joined us.

So far, I think, we may calculate upon success with confidence. But whether it would attend us into the neighbouring country I am not prepared to say. We should there encounter quite different materials—a sturdy, sincere and thoughtful people—more attached to their prejudices and religion, with less taste for the blandishments of wealth, and less liberal, than their brethren of the metropolis. It is doubtful whether we should be able to make any considerable impression upon them until we are strong enough to bring *interest* to our aid. With this we might expect that our creed would work at least as great wonders as do their political creeds when seconded by the same powerful ally.

The next inquiry is, when is the most favorable time to carry our plans into execution? To this I answer confidently *now* is the time. The present is perhaps the most favorable time for our purpose that has occurred for these fifty years. The divisions among the Christians have been already mentioned.

Their dissensions are not confined to this city. They extend through the country. Scarcely a week passes but the belligerent parties assail each other from the press or pulpit, at one time in the shape of a Triangle, at another in the form of reviews or seals for controversies. The state of irritation produced by this warfare can be easily imagined. And a change that will restore harmony is doubtless considered a desideratum by all sober and reflecting spectators. Such a change we should offer them. To those who are offended with the fanaticism of one party or the levity and affectation of the other, we should offer simplicity, sincerity, solemnity, truth!

Again, another idea—the present moment must be seized if we wish to avail ourselves of the religious interregnum produced by the clashing of opinions among the Christians. If their altercations or innovations

have loosened their faith or shaken their reverence for their Book, we should surely be unwise not to step in and take advantage of this state of things. If we delay, their present unfixtness of opinion will subside into old prejudices, or give way to new ones—and thus the door be closed upon us for ever, for ever!

As to the advantages to be derived from turning this flourishing part of the world to the Faith little need be said. They would be immeasurable. In this city, especially, the minds of men would be cleansed and renovated. Instead of their present vitiated and decayed moral powers that are incapable of discerning right from wrong, except by the gross and sordid tact of profit or disprofit, the people would acquire a clearness and rectitude of judgment worthy of human nature and the true religion.

The blessed influences would not be confined to the higher classes, the lower orders would come in for a large share. The common people instead of being excluded from our mosques as they are from the churches by Christian devices, should have especial attention paid to them, with pressing invitation to attend our worship. This policy,

besides attaching to us a large and valuable portion of the population, would evince to the world the superiority of Islamism over Christianity, in sincerity, truth, and a tender regard for the human species.

But the great and unspeakable blessing of our faith would be reserved for the female sex. Their condition would undergo an entire revolution. No longer the victims of fashion and opinion—no longer would a large proportion of the sex be doomed to languish in celibacy and held up to ridicule for imputed characteristicks. Under the liberal and truly paternal religion of the Prophet, they would all be matrimonially provided for. And thus the introduction of the true faith would tend to improve the morals of the city and add largely to the comfort and happiness of society. These effects would be most conspicuous in the condition of females of the lower classes. These, at least such as are unmarried, are here mostly employed in menial occupations, and consequently exposed to every species of temptation: Hence the wide spread prostitution that defiles this city and this land. Our purer faith, by bettering the education:

of that sex, would put away the foul disgrace from the land.

And now that our purpose may prosper and succeed, pray to God most mighty, king of the world, giver of all good things. Oh! that a new world may be given to the Prophet of prophets, and learn to praise God!



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END.

D.P.









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